Prince What wouldst thou thinke of me if I should weep?

Poynes I woulde thincke thee a moſt princely hypocrite.

Prince It would bee euery mans thought, and thou arte a bleſſed felow, to thinke as euery man thinkes, neuer a mans thought in the world, keepes the rode way better then thine, euerie man would thinke me an hypocrite indeede, and what accites your moſt worſhipfull thought to thinke ſo?

Poynes Why becauſe you haue been ſo lewd and ſo much engraffed to Falſtaffe. *Prince* And to thee.

Poyne By this light I am well ſpoke on, I can heare it with mine owne eares the worſt that they can ſay of me is that I am a ſecond brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands, and thoſe two things I confeſſe I cannot helpe: by the maſſe here comes Bardolfe.

Enter Bardolfe and boy.

Prince And the boy that I gaue Falſtaffe, a had him from me Chriſtian, and looke if the fat villaine haue not transformd him Ape.

Bard. God ſaue your grace.

Prince And yours moſt noble Bardolfe.

Poynes Come you vertuous aſſe, you baſhfull foole, muſt you be bluſhing, wherefore bluſh you now? what a maidenly man at armes are you become? iſt ſuch a matter to get a pottle-pots maidenhead?

Boy A calls me enow my Lord, through a red lattice, and I could diſcerne no part of his face from the window: at laſt I ſpied his eies, and me thought he had made two holes in the ale wiues peticote and ſo peept through.

Prince Has not the boy profited?

Bard. Away you horſon vpright rabble, away.

Boy Away you raſcally Althea's dreame, away.

Prince Inſtruct vs boy, what dreame boy?

Boy Mary my lord, Althea dreampt ſhe was deliuered of a firebrand, and therefore I call him her dreame.

Prince A crownes worth of good interpretation there tis boy.

Poines

Poines O that this bloſſome could be kept from cankers! well, there is ſixpence to preſerue thee.

Bard. And you do not make him hangd among you, the gallowes ſhall haue wrong.

Prince And how doth thy maſter Bardolfe?

Bard. Well my Lord, he heard of your graces comming to towne, theres a letter for you.

Poynes Deliuerd with good reſpect, and how doth the martlemaſſe your maſter?

Bard. In bodily health ſir.

Poynes Mary the immortall part needes a phiſitian, but that moues not him, though that be ſicke, it dies not.

Prince I do allow this Wen to be as familiar with me, as my dogge, and he holds his place, for looke you how he writes.

Poynes Iohn Falſtaffe Knight, euery man muſt know that as oft as he has occaſion to name himſelfe: euen like thoſe that are kin to the King, for they neuer pricke their finger, but they ſaye, theres ſome of the Kings bloud ſpilt: how comes that (ſaies he) that takes vppon him not to conceiue the anſwer is as ready as a borowed cap: I am the Kings poore coſin, ſir.

Prince Nay they will be kin to vs, or they will fetch it from Iaphet, but the letter, Sir Iohn Falſtaffe knight, to the ſonne of the king, neareſt his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.

Poynes Why this is a certificate.

Prince Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Romanes in breuitie.

Poynes He ſure meanes breuity in breath, ſhort winded,

I commend mee to thee, I commend thee, and, I leaue thee, be not too familiar with Poynes, for he miſuſes thy fauours ſo much, that he ſweares thou art to mary his ſiſter Nel, repent at idle times as thou maiſt, and ſo farwel.

Thine by yea, and no, which is as much as to ſay, as thou vſeſt him, Iacke Falſtaffe with my family, Iohn with my brothers and ſiſters, and ſir Iohn with all Europe.

Poynes My Lord, Ile ſteep this letter in ſacke and make him